

Animals

OUR DUMB



"THERE ARE SMILES . . ."

David W. Corson from A. Devaney, N.Y.



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Animals

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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to twelve lines.

IMPORTANT

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No manuscript will be acknowledged or returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

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Massachusetts Seizure Bill

WE regret to advise our members and subscribers that a new animal seizure bill has been introduced in the Massachusetts Legislature. Like similar bills introduced in other years, this bill would, should it become law, authorize the Commissioner of Public Health to obtain live, impounded animals from any animal pound in the Commonwealth. Under the provisions of the bill, an animal pound is defined as "any individual or establishment which confines, cares for or disposes of seized, lost or strayed animals, pursuant to contract or other arrangement with any city or town or other public authority. . . ."

The Christian Science Monitor, a few years ago, had this to say editorially about pound bills:

"More than the fate of stray dogs and cats is at stake in the so-called 'pound' bills currently being introduced in several state legislatures throughout the United States. At the very heart of the issue lies the question: Do private citizens have the right to organize within the law for a recognizable legitimate purpose with the assurance that this purpose will not later be perverted by the government?"

"To date most of the debate has centered around the emotion-charged subject of vivisection. Little attention seems to have been paid to the fact that the 'pound' bills, by giving experimental laboratories the right to requisition 'unlicensed, unclaimed, and unwanted' stray animals from the pounds of humane societies, would compel these societies to act as partners in a business for which they were never intended.

"Most of these societies were, in part, set up to try to find homes for these animals or, failing that, to dispose of them in a painless manner. Money for support of the societies is contributed with this purpose in mind. Is the government now to be allowed to designate an agent that can arbitrarily force these societies to open their pounds to the laboratory in contradiction of their express and legally established purpose?"

"The implications of this question exceed the immediate issue of the 'pound' bills, for if answered in the affirmative it would set a precedent easily extended into other areas and to other organizations. Regardless of what position one may take in regard to vivisection, he should be alert to the broader implications of this proposed legislation which threatens to extend further the reach of government control. If one is not careful he will find that the 'logical' end to such a process is the transfer of all discretion from the citizen to the state."

That editorial states the issue very clearly. Our Society has opposed seizure legislation *and it will continue to do so*, and it will only dispose of animals in its possession by returning them to rightful owners, placing them in new homes, or humanely putting them to sleep.

That is our function—that is what our members and friends expect us to do. There can be no other way.

E. H. H.



Shep watching for his charge.

MY husband and I were at our wits' end as to how we could meet the last payment immediately due on our farm, and replace the completely worn out kitchen stove.

"Mr. Calvin, who has always admired 'Shep', says we can have our pick of the ranges in his hardware store in exchange for our big pup," Rob offered, his brow heavy, a hurt look in his eyes.

"No! No!" I protested. Then suggested as a solution to our problem:

Worth His Salt. . . .

By Elizabeth Holladay

"Robin is toddling now, and with Shep to play with him I can spare our maid. Let Shep mind the baby and put her wages on the stove. The installment plan won't cost us as dearly as giving up Shep."

The new range roused my zeal for canning. All one long summer afternoon the bubble of the preserving kettle and the gurgle of Robin's laughter as he played on the lawn with Shep made music in my ears. The two sounds became so merged that I was not mindful when one, the baby's voice, subsided.

The sinking sun made me realize that Robin must be bathed and fed.

The preserves were pushed back and I hurried into the yard where, naturally, I expected to find my baby boy.

My heart thumping, I widened my search all over the yard. Into and under every barn. Behind plunder piles. Calling and sobbing as I went. "Robin! Where's mother's baby? Rob-in!"

Then Rob was beside me saying, "Hold a steady nerve, dear, we'll find him." But his tone belied his words. And his face was white as chalk.

"The well," I murmured. "Let's go together to the old well."

Just when Shep appeared on the panic-

stricken scene I did not know. In a subconscious way I had, for a good while, realized he was trudging at my heels, whining, pleading with his eyes. "But I can't find your pal for you," was my thought. When we started to the well Shep fastened his teeth in Rob's pants and set back. Then, into my terror stricken brain burst a light. I stopped stock still. "Rob! Follow the dog. He knows where the baby is!"

"Lead off, old boy," Rob said brokenly. "Show me where Robin has hidden."

Shep dashed back across the yard. Then down the road a short distance to where a path zigzagged across a small field. On and on he charged till he came to a clump of small pines where the maid had frequently taken the dog and baby on warm afternoons. When Shep reached the pine thicker he set up a joyous howl.

I had been following as fast as I could. Rob called back to me, "Here he is on a bed of pine straw fast asleep."

Shep had followed the little outdoorsman and stayed with him until he went to sleep. Realizing it was out of his power to bring him home he had come to bring me. In truth, it was I, not Shep, who had been dumb. No financial pinch could ever cause us to consider selling Shep, now.

Just a Yellow Dog!

By Jerry Church

MEN have often wondered how and why it is that dogs sometimes seem to know things for which there is no normal explanation of their knowing. For example, how did a yellow mongrel, the pet of a railroad engineer, know that the rod on the right side of the locomotive was going to break?

It happened several years ago, when Jerry Phalen was piloting trains for the St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern Railroad. Phalen's pet had become a genuine "raildog," and "Dick," the mongrel, was accustomed to ride in the cab of his master's locomotive on his runs. It was on one of these trips that the incident of the broken rod occurred.

Phalen had fixed up a comfortable bed for his dog on the left side of the loco-

motive cabin, while he operated the controls seated at the right side. On this particular trip, master and dog were occupying their usual places as the train galloped over the rails, eating up the miles of Missouri countryside.

But, this time, kind words were not enough to satisfy the persistent dog. He continued tugging away at Phalen's trousers more frantically than before. Finally, the engineer decided that probably something was wrong with his pet's bed which needed fixing. He stepped down from his perch momentarily and crossed to the left side of the cab to investigate.

Then it happened. With a thunderous report, the rod on the right side of the locomotive snapped. There was a tremendous rending, screeching noise as the

broken rod whirled around like a gigantic, destructive monster's arm. The right side of the locomotive cabin, where Phalen ordinarily sat, was cleaved through, part of the cabin itself completely cut away by the rod. Jerry Phalen had stepped away to investigate his dog's bed not a second too soon!

On the left side of the cab, Phalen was unharmed, though shaken. He managed to bring the locomotive to a stop. He disconnected the broken rod and then, proceeding with the power supplied by the left side of the locomotive, he continued operating the train to the village of Fredericktown, Mo.

After that, of course, nothing was too good for Jerry Phalen's yellow mongrel dog, Dick.



Rover is always ready to play with his neighborhood pals.

Let Us Examine the *Life of a Dog*

By T. J. Neylon

RECENTLY in a large western city, the evening paper carried an editorial in answer to a quorum letter that demanded an ordinance banishing all dogs from the city.

It is a sure sign of spring—when this hue and cry to abolish dogs begins. Twenty per cent of the people will be in favor of the stringent ordinance; fifty, will be up in arms against it; while the other thirty will be on the fence.

And each is right, according to his own way of thinking. A code of conduct is needed to curb "Rover" in the urban areas.

But first, let us take Rover and examine him. He is a harmless fellow at the time he meets the human race. He asks nothing more than a kind word and a pat occasionally and, of course, something to eat.

He will grow up. But he will react according to his environment. That is, he will show how he was brought up and trained. It has been said that to train a dog properly, you must first have more sense than the dog.

If he gets out and romps through the neighbor's flower bed and garden, he is merely reflecting the things he sees and feels in his home environment. It shows that he was improperly trained as a youngster.

Rover, when left to his own inclinations is likely to be a careless and mischievous

creature. But, in a city, a dog should be trained in urban deportment, to have consideration for his neighbors.

Some dogs will bark at night. Maybe he is just trying to express himself — or, maybe, it is a throw-back to his wolf ancestors. This can be a nuisance, especially in urban areas.

He usually gets up at dawn and patiently awaits his morning meal. Then he will sleep until the post man arrives. If he has been properly trained he will merely get up and look at the mailman, but if he hasn't been trained, he may try to get a meal from the postman's leg.

After the mailman goes, he will sleep in the sun, unless the children decide to romp with him. For the remainder of the day, he will alternate between sleep and walking about the yard. But, he is ever ready to play with his master, or any member of the family, or the neighborhood dogs.

He will bark at people coming into the yard, but he soon learns who is friend or foe, although it must be kept in mind that he has often to be trained to know the difference.

Most dogs like to ride in the family

car. Once he is invited to go, he will sit and look out the window for a while, then go to sleep on the floor. Then, when his master leaves the car, he guards it, and woe to anyone who tries to tamper with it while he is present.

After the evening meal, he dozes on the porch until dark, then, he either patrols the premises or lies in his house and listens for any suspicious noise.

All in all, he is a well-bred fellow. He will be a gentleman if he has been taught that it is the proper way to act. It takes a little patience to train him properly, but it is worth the effort in the long run.

Dogs have rights as well as man, whose property he is required to guard and whose family he must protect. Therefore, he certainly is entitled to be treated as a respected citizen of the community.

So let's have a little patience and teach Rover the proper deportment and perhaps that twenty per cent who demand the annual ordinances to banish him will have to find something else to complain about.

Get acquainted with your dog — he is a pretty good fellow to know.

Journey With "Tipperary"

By Bertha Wilcox Smith

OF all our many journeys with Tipperary, Irish Setter, the most memorable extended from Pennsylvania to the Golden Gate. Although Tip was ten that summer, his exuberance of spirit was such that strangers often took him to be but five or six. His presence led to many an interesting contact and experience which enrich the memory of our trip together. We traveled in a coupe that had a wide space behind the seat. This made an excellent repository for luggage and a canine passenger. Locker, suitcases, and duffle bags filled the floor space, making a level surface on the top of which a bag, packed with soft things, became a resting place for Tip. An unmistakable crackling sound gave warning, now and then, that a broad-brimmed straw hat had slipped back into his domain, and that Tip had edged over upon its cool and slitherly surface.

When we entered a hotel at nightfall, Tip's routine was always the same. He made an impressive entrance, with so confident an air of expecting to be treated like the gentleman he was, that no room clerk could deny him admission. He would proceed purposefully with us to the elevator and along the corridors to our room. Inside the room, he immediately investigated his chosen refuge — the floor space beneath the bed. Frog-like, he would flatten himself, crawl under the side and survey the premises, emerge long enough to dine and to drink long and thirstily, then seek seclusion in his realm beneath the bed slats. On many a hot night we tried to dissuade Tip from stifling himself in those cramped quarters, and to indicate the advantages of the wide, open spaces surrounding the bed, but he seemed to be of the opinion that if one may not sleep *upon* a bed, the only desirable alternative is to sleep beneath it.

He was a patient traveler, taking, without complaint, whatever of monotony or delay the day might bring. We stopped frequently as time permitted to allow him to stretch his legs upon a hillside or a prairie, or to cool his feet in a brook. Once he saw a wild duck alight upon the surface of a pond; he alighted, with a flying leap, where the duck had been, only to see it rising, with a scream, into the blue.

Tense with interest, Tip watched the changing scene upon the prairie. At the sight of beautiful horses, roaming the ranges, he would utter little cries of excitement; he gazed in wonder at a solitary bison; sheep, in grayish clumps, were another unfamiliar and exhilarating sight. When given a run in the sage brush, he was beside himself with excitement, nose first in the air, then to the ground. Sage brush scents were out of his known world.

In addition to enjoying Tipperary's concentrated and intelligent interest in sights and events, we enjoyed the human contacts that he brought to us. Every one admires his burnished red coat and his proud bearing. A little newsboy pressed close to the window of the car to reach in and touch him, and to ask numerous questions, ending with the query,

"Is it a male or female?"

"A male," I replied.

"Oh," he said, brightly, "and has he had a family yet?"

Indians Know Animals

By Louise J. Walker

LONG, long ago there lived a very old man named "Notwaysey." He lived all alone and very close to nature. He liked to study the wild animals and learned their secrets. As Notwaysey stood silent in the forest, the animals would appear here and there. The squirrel, the raccoon, the porcupine, and the weasel, glided up the trees and circled around through the branches. They kept up a continual flow of gossip and chatter. They often eyed Notwaysey sharply as they went on their way. At other times, they looked doubtfully at him to see whether he was growing on the tree, for Notwaysey was always very quiet.

Often, when he listened, he heard the owl and owlet talking and scolding each other. He learned the names of all the birds. He knew how they build their nests in summer and where they hid themselves in winter. He found out where the squirrels hid their acorns. Hidden in the bushes, Notwaysey often waited until he saw two antlers lifted and two eyes peering from the bushes. Then, he knew a deer was making its way to the river to drink. He watched the beavers build their lodges. Often he talked with the rabbits. He noticed how the squirrels balanced themselves with their bushy tails. Gradually the animals realized that Notwaysey was their friend.

Notwaysey told the neighbors' children the stories that he heard from his animal friends. Then he showed these children how they might know the animals, too. These boys and girls told their children. Each generation told the next one. This is the reason that Indians understand animals and their habits so well.

—Indian Legend



"Maybe so, but nobody's calling me a bald eagle!"

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

ELEVEN years ago, "Happy" arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Truman Topper, of York, Pennsylvania. His most outstanding accomplishment, and one which provides endless amusement for the family, is his ability to open doors.

Happy is an all white cat — when not tattle-tale gray — and weighs about eight pounds. He has unusual eyes, as they are large and black, rather than the usual greenish-gray. He has a keen sense of hearing, and runs from any part of the house when the refrigerator door is opened, or the can opener is in operation.

The Topper home has some of its original door latches, installed when the house was built, in 1887. It is these latches that Happy has mastered.

Happy would scramble up the door to the latch and hook his paw through it, and with the other paw, bang on the latch handle until it would release—with Sneezy busy at the bottom, butting his head, until the door would swing open. When the door swung inward, both kittens would strut in, very much pleased with their accomplishment. However, after Sneezy's death, Happy was forced either to remain in the back room, away from the family, or learn to open the door alone—he chose the latter. He now had to use all four paws. With one back foot on the door itself, and the other on the frame, he learned to bang on the latch and push on the door frame, at the same time. Had he learned to turn around and close the door, he might never have been discouraged in this trick, but he decided the hassock was more comfortable than his basket and started coming into the house at night, leaving the door from the storage room open; and the house swarming with flies.

The Toppers still laugh over the time a joke on Happy backfired. Happy is always on the alert for field mice, which sometimes get into a bottom cupboard. If anyone opens the door and calls, "Happy get the mouse," he runs to the cupboard and sniffs around. One evening, the Toppers were having a snack in the kitchen, and Mrs. Topper leaned down to the cupboard to tease a little. She called Happy to get the mouse, and to her horror and surprise, he did just that.

Happy is now stationed in the cellar as "Captain of the Potato Patrol," and to join the family he now has acquired an entirely new technique, to get the door open or attract the family's attention.

He climbs onto the stair railing, hooks his front paws over a little switch box and hangs on. The claws of the left back foot cling to the stair railing, with the right back paw he stumps on the latch. Although this door is not opened as easily, he continues to stump until he is lifted down.

When Mrs. Topper irons, Happy sits on the window sill and watches for a chance to lie on the warm ironing board, if she is called to the phone. He also has a fondness for sleeping on freshly ironed white shirts.

When coal is delivered he runs and hides for a day and sometimes two. His Pennsylvania Dutch appetite was discovered one day before a family picnic when Happy was discovered eating the pickled eggs.

Why jump when he stumps? Why spoil him completely? The Toppers decided after eleven years with Happy, it is much easier to submit to his wishes than to cope with his determination.

"Happy" Door Opener

By Mrs. Truman Topper



Here Happy has completed his climb and has stumped on the latch. His front paws are hanging on a switch box and the right hind paw is the one he uses to stump with, while the claws on his left foot keep a grip on the stair railing.

Greater Love Has No Dog

By R. J. Galway

TRAFFIC Officer Thomas Murphy stood in the middle of the road directing traffic, opposite St. Paul's Cathedral, corner 63rd Street. On one side of the street, waiting to cross and eager to get to Sunday School, he saw two familiar faces, six-year-old Katie Jones, blind since birth, and her devoted guardian, an oversized Alsatian dog.

Officer Murphy held up his white-gloved hand. Traffic screeched to a halt. The Alsatian, his name is "Coward," gently led the sightless child across the street, one of her little hands tucked under his collar.

The policeman absent-mindedly waved the traffic on. His eyes were following the child and dog. He saw her fondle her pet's ears and motion for him to wait for her. The dog would wait for the little girl, Murphy knew. He had every Sunday for the past year.

"Coward," the officer murmured, "a strange name for a big dog like that, but descriptive. He's sure afraid of cars."

An hour later Murphy saw the children coming out of St. Paul's. Coward was in the same spot, eyeing the youngsters, seeking his beloved mistress. He saw her, barked, and trotted toward her. The dog guided Katie to the edge of the sidewalk, halted, afraid of the cars, and barked inquiringly at Officer Murphy.

"The dog's frightened," Murphy thought to himself. He signaled the cars to stop. He saw with alarm that one car seemed to be out of control. It swerved toward the curb where Katie and Coward stood.

"Good God!" Murphy muttered, unable to do anything, "the dog's panicky. It may shove the child under the car."

The policeman was wrong. Coward pushed his blind mistress with his heavy body, out from the path of the careening automobile. The dog was run over. Murphy raced across the street. By the time he reached Katie she was struggling to her feet.

"Are you all right, honey?" Murphy gasped.

"I think so," Katie whimpered, "I heard people shouting about a car. Coward doesn't like cars. Is he very scared?"

"No dear. Coward isn't afraid," Traffic Officer Murphy sighed, as he stroked the dead dog.

They Call Her "Mommy"

By Helen Keeney Floyd

THEY call her "Mommy" and she certainly lives up to her name.

When her three kittens came into the world, she did everything a good mother should. But that wasn't enough for Mommy. So, when three baby squirrels were added to her brood, she didn't even wiggle her whiskers. She just lolled over on her side and let the little foreigners in.

Mommy is a farm cat belonging to Leo Winakor of Salem, Connecticut. The three squirrels were added to her furry brood when the three Winakor children, Arthur, Brenda, and Eugene, and their cousin, William, heard a dog barking in the nearby woods a short time ago.

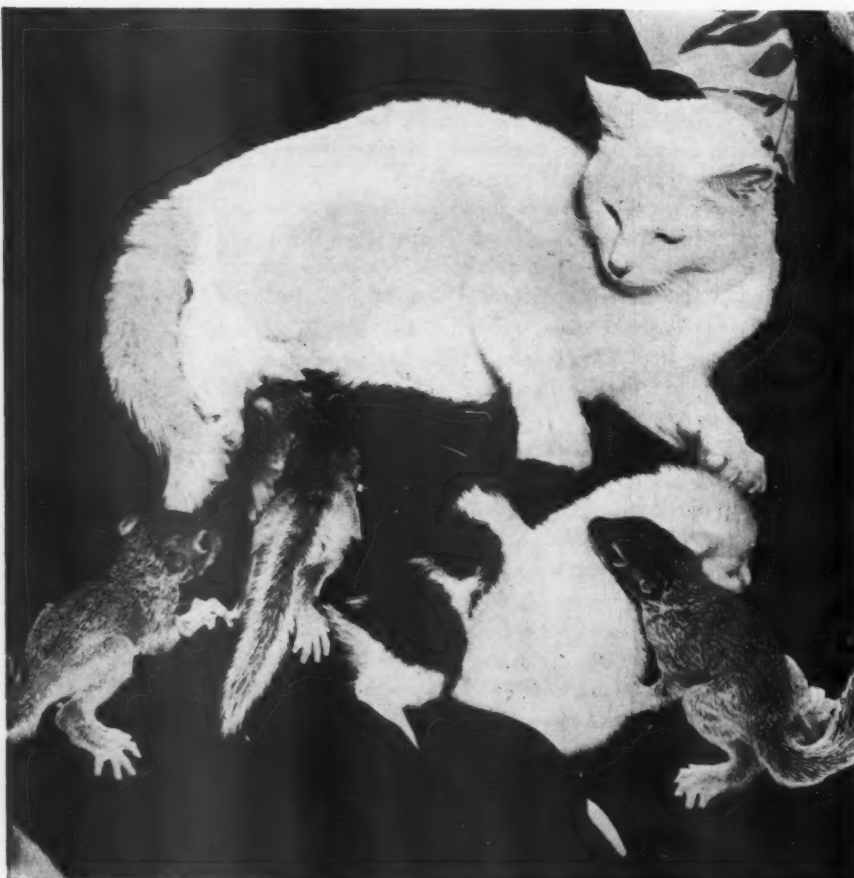
Tracking him down, they found that the dog had uncovered a nest of five baby squirrels. The children quickly rescued the five. They turned over two of them to a neighbor to raise and intro-

duced the other three to the mother farm cat.

Now, two weeks later, Mommy has one big happy family. Mrs. Winakor reported today that the mother cat still nurses the squirrels but they can eat cooked vegetables. And they love Hershey's chocolate bars. "They sit right up and nibble away," she said.

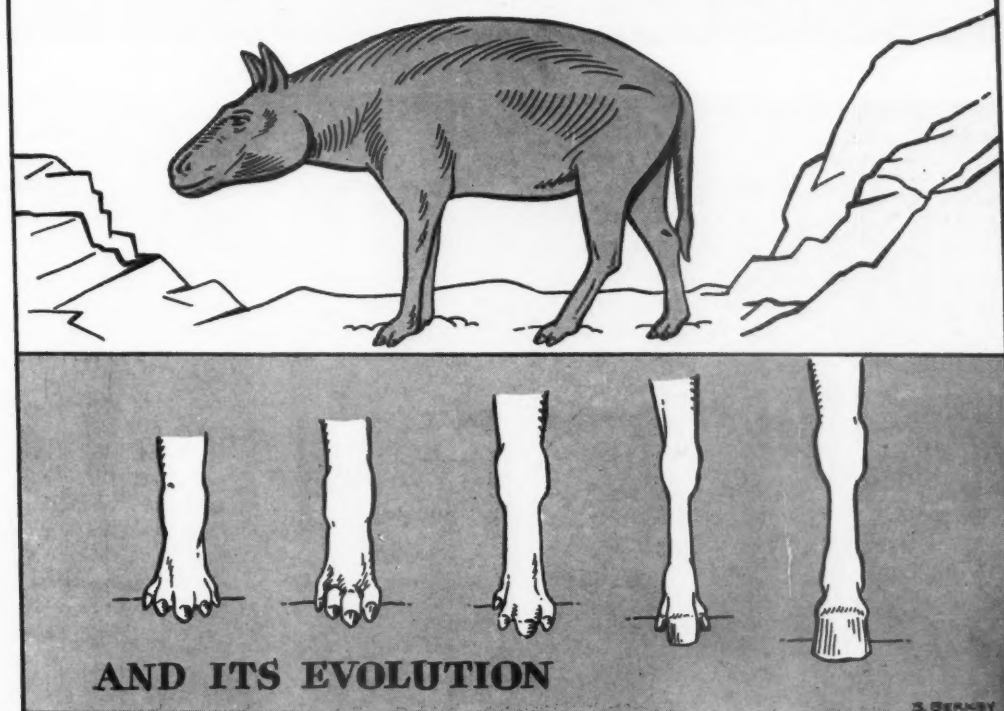
The squirrels are just about a month old now. Since their picture was taken two weeks ago, they have grown a little and their tails have become much bushier, Mrs. Winakor said. She described them as "very friendly" and "alert" little animals.

Mommy's kittens and the squirrels get on famously together. They wrestle and play together, with complete abandon, apparently unaware that there are any differences between them.



Mommy and her two sets of children.

The Dawn Horse



By Ben Berkey

THREE MILLION years ago, little Eohippus, the dawn horse, roamed the plains with other prehistoric monsters. Geologists who have discovered the petrified bones of the miniature marvel, report that he must have been a creature of uncanny resourcefulness.

He preserved his species long after bigger and more powerful animals than he became extinct.

The companions of his era are now to be found only as fossil remains deeply imbedded in the strata of the earth's surface. It is strange, indeed, that of all the well known prehistoric animals, he alone survived. So far as lineage is concerned, man with his thousands of years of civilization, is still a toddling infant in comparison with the horse.

Little Eohippus first began to walk on his middle toes to achieve his ambition. He was almost twelve inches high, and he skipped over the jagged rocks on front feet with four toes and hind ones with three toes.

He was forever in the act of hiding

against the other prehistoric creatures, for little Eohippus could not defend himself. He was neither predatory nor protected in any way by nature, but how he could run — and run he did, for he found plenty of occasion to practice his gift of sprinting and leaping over rock and crag.

There was a great need for his few precious talents, for the earth was filled with terrible monsters of air, land and water, whose favorite food was Eohippus meat.

The dawn horse discovered, also, that nature had handicapped him by giving him toes instead of hoofs. He found his toes always in the way, hindering him by their excess friction. So he began running upon the single toes of each foot, much in the manner of an ostrich.

This method of self-preservation was so successful that little Eohippus continued at it until he became his own guardian and ally.

The single toes lengthened and strengthened, the single claws developed into horny hoofs, while in time the unused toes weakened and finally disappeared entirely, and remained as the stumpy vestiges which

we can see on the ankles of horses today.

The horse thus became a specialist in speed and endurance. Starting out at birth about the size of a fox, he learned that the longer one's legs, the greater one's speed.

As ages of evolution passed, little Eohippus' legs grew longer and longer. But longer legs demand more power to operate them efficiently, so the dawn horse developed a powerful body and massive shoulders and hip muscles. His neck and head also lengthened in proportion in order that he might bend to feed upon the grass.

The gigantic armored creatures of the dawn existence—the flying reptiles, the mammoth lizards that shook the ground with their mighty tread, seemed much better suited to survive earth's upheaval, than the dawn horse. But these prehistoric monsters were so protected by their size and ferocity that nature discontinued their lives.

Every trace of the prehistoric giants has disappeared from the face of the earth, while little Eohippus, the dawn horse, survives in his descendants that we see today on the city streets and country roads.

ANIMALS IN



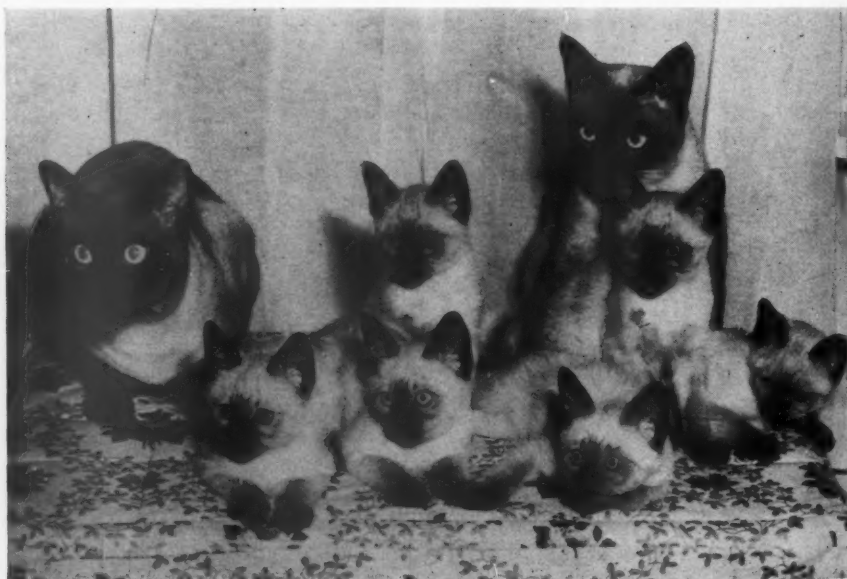
Photo by Anthony Cabral, Boston Traveler

A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP

You never can tell what will happen when you're asleep! At least, that's the opinion of "Peggy," the good-natured part collie and part setter owned by Anthony Cabral, of Somerville, Massachusetts. It seems that Peggy woke up the other afternoon from a nap to find her pal, "Tabby," using her shoulder as a nesting place. Then the pair obligingly posed while their master took a picture.

STUDY IN CURIOSITY

Their blue eyes focused in unblinking curiosity on the photographer, these pedigreed Siamese cats posed for a family portrait recently in the home of their owners, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Walters, Rome, New York. "Simmy III" and "Sahra" preside over their nine-week-old brood of six kittens, an unusually large litter for the Siamese feline species.



Photo, Rome (N. Y.) Sentinel

at them. A. Pollard, director of the SPCA, presented the picture of the head of the community service under the direction of Mrs. Gordon E. the day was Mrs. John who was assisted by Erick A. Beach, Mrs. H. Bee, Mrs. Malcolm B. Albert Bradbury, Mrs. Breeze, Mrs. E.

these unfortunate creatures, left behind to forage for themselves, will ultimately starve or come diseased as a result of being unkind and inconsiderate treatment. When relief is given, the animals are eliminated from the city.

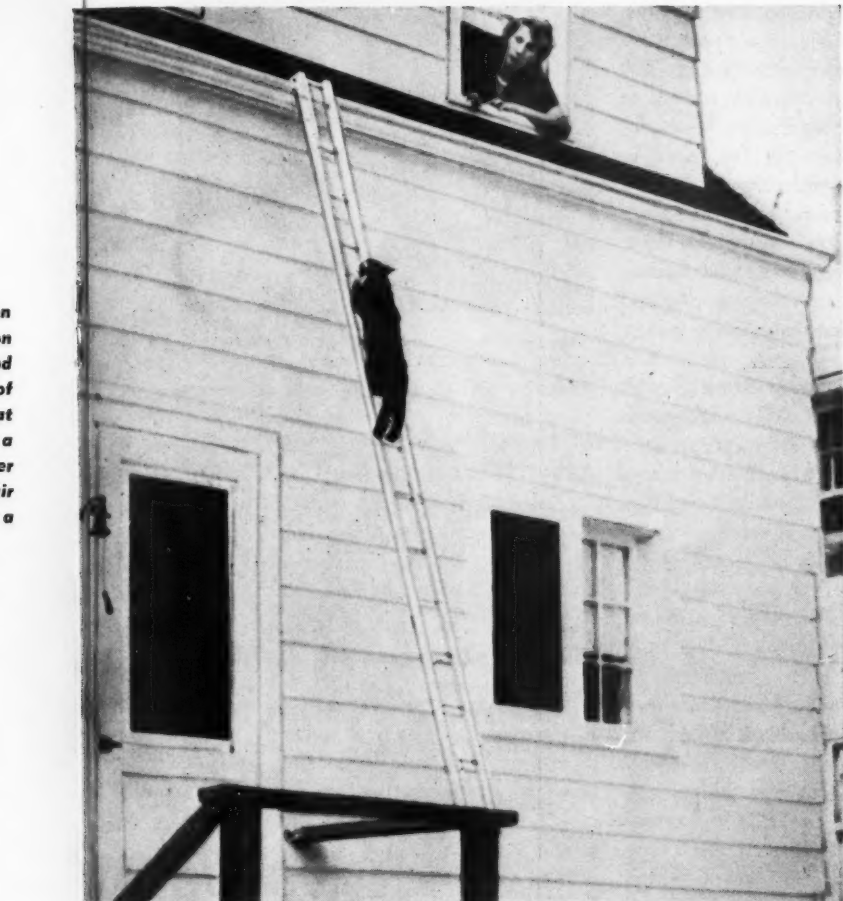
As has been the custom of the society for many years, placards have been posted at various resorts throughout the commonwealth, warning against abandoning animals by summer residents.

It is true that children do not intentionally hurt animals. It also is true that the average dog or kitten seems to realize that children are different from adults.

The Christmas pet-giving advice comes from Dr. Eric H. Hansen, president of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

attention," stated Dr. Hansen. "According to the head of the department of pathology of our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, this condition is not uncommon. These animals are most poisonous and are liable to prove fatal to dogs, cats, wild birds, mammals, and even children. Furthermore, detection of these poisons is extremely difficult or impossible by the time the animal is found."

the Horses' Christmas, according to an announcement made by Eric H. Hansen, president of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, there are still many horses in harness today. The society has arranged to have trucks, loaded with oats, carrots, and apples, move around the city Friday, Dec. 24, where horses are to be found in greatest number. Coffee and



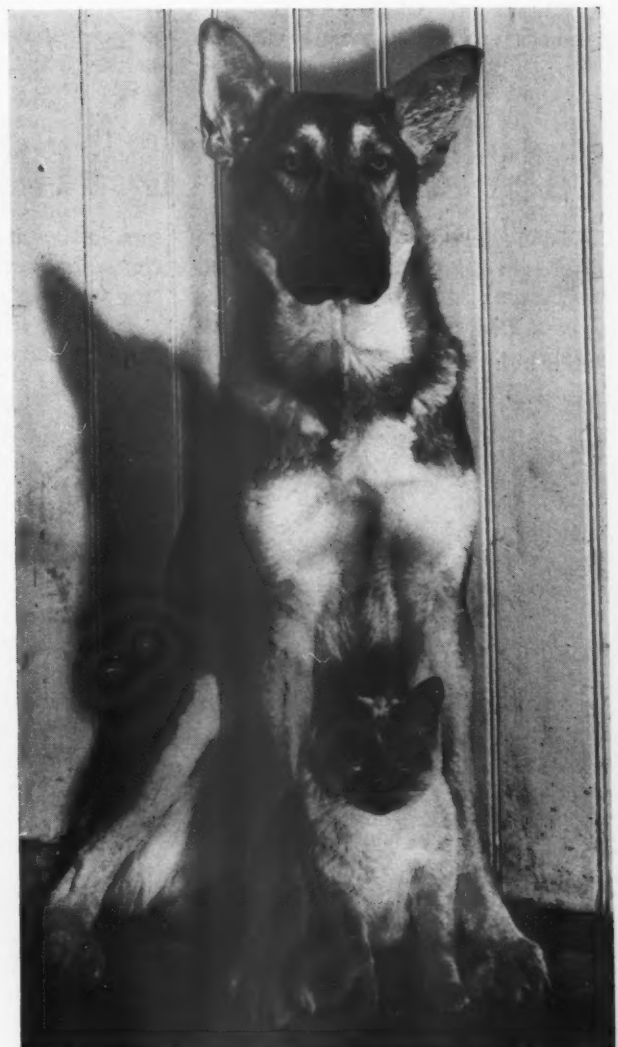
Chicago Herald-American from International News Photos

LADDER-SCALING FELINE

"Tommy," the vagrant cat, pet of Miss Dorothy Baum of Lombard, Illinois, created a terrific howl each time he returned from prowling at three or four in the morning, his method of gaining entrance to the Baum domain. This made the neighbors very unhappy until one day one of them noticed Tommy shinny up a ladder. So, with the help of Mr. Baum, this cat ladder was constructed. Tommy caught on immediately and now gets in simply by crawling up the ladder to an open second-story window. Dogs, who frequently chase Tommy, meet with defeat when he flees up the ladder to safety.

GENTLEMANLY GENTLENESS

"Himself," an Alsatian guard dog, trained to attack and hold intruders, is shown with "Bluey," a Siamese cat, at the school for dogs at California, Berks, in England. In addition to being carefully schooled to catch dangerous criminals, the dogs at the school are trained in gentleness, as evidenced by the fact that Himself can make friends with this kitten.



International News Photos

Errand Boy, "Toughie"

By Caroline E. Wells

TOUGHIE" lives up to his name in one sense only — in that he is strong to endure and performs his tasks faithfully. He is no ruffian — no, not he! He is, in fact, the beloved pet and efficient chore-boy of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Moranda, Canandaigua, N. Y.

Like most successful dairymen, Mr. Moranda raises several calves each year, and in the winter time, he likes to give the young ones a drink of warm water. To save him a trip to the house, Mrs. Moranda fills a pail with warm water. Then Toughie takes the pail in his mouth and carefully trots off to take the pail of water to Mr. Moranda at the barn. In that way the calves have their drink and Mr. Moranda doesn't have to leave his work.

When a fruit salesman calls, or Mrs. Moranda needs some cash unexpectedly,

Toughie is dispatched by his mistress with a note to Mr. Moranda, who may be busy in a nearby field. After reading the note, he will put the money in a small purse and away goes Toughie — to pay the bill.

Some of Toughie's other chores are to carry the mail, bring his dish for his meals, carry papers or magazines from one to another when the family is settled down for an hour or so of reading during the evening and are too comfortable to want to move about much. He is quick to pick up and restore to her anything dropped by his mistress while she is busy sewing or knitting.

Perhaps Toughie's most lovable habit is taking one of Mrs. Moranda's shoes when she has removed them, preparatory to retiring, carrying it to his basket where he keeps it beside him while he sleeps.



Toughie brings the mail to his mistress.

In the morning, however, he takes it back to his mistress.

Yes, Toughie has a tender heart.

Cats That Saved Trains

TWO cats are credited with having prevented railroad train wrecks in adjoining states.

John Borders, who lives in Amo, Indiana, beside a Pennsylvania Railroad main-line crossing, was awakened shortly after midnight, five years ago, by his tiger-striped cat meowing and scratching a bedpost. He got up to let the cat out of the house. It went straight to the crossing signal. The man followed. He saw the red light flashing off and on repeatedly and heard its bell ringing, but no train showed up.

"That's odd!" he muttered.

Looking down, he found that an eight-inch piece of rail had snapped off the switch frog, and telephoned the dispatcher at Linnedale. The dispatcher promptly called out a section gang to install a new frog, meanwhile warning all trains on that line.

Mr. Borders says the cat must have been annoyed by the abnormally long bell-ringing and aroused him with a wordless plea to stop that nuisance. As express trains roar through that village at high

speed, one of them might easily have been ditched by the broken rail if it had not been for the cat.

The other feline hero was a big black tomcat belonging to the Illinois Central station agent at Du Quoin, Illinois. One night about thirty-five years ago, when a freight train stopped there, the animal climbed into the cab of engine No. 112 and curled up on the seatbox of Engineer Bob McQuaide while he was in the station getting a train order. Bob, returning to his cab, was surprised to see the cat, and recognizing it, tried to put it off. But for some peculiar reason, the visitor seemed to like that engine and refused to leave. So Bob let it ride. However, on his return trip, he put the cat off at Du Quoin.

During the next two weeks or so, heavy rain fell most of the time, flooding creeks and rivers, undermining tracks and weakening bridges. Despite that, the cat boarded the same locomotive again and again, possibly out of a capricious sense of play that cats are known to possess, and Bob soon got used to having the four-legged railroader in his cab.

By Freeman H. Hubbard

One dark, foggy evening, after they had passed Elkdale, puss suddenly set up a piteous wail, and, according to Bob, acted so strangely that he, the fireman, and the head brakeman tried to pacify it, but in vain.

Bob, being a bit superstitious, got the idea that something was wrong and stopped his train to investigate. It was lucky he did so. For when he swung down from the cab and peered into the darkness just ahead, he discovered something that sent cold chills up his spine. The railroad bridge over Big Muddy Creek had been washed away! Fifty yards further and his locomotive would have plunged into the dark swollen water!

The engineer asked a reporter: "Did the railroad cat have an instinct that danger lay ahead? Or did the absence of the bridge cause a slight difference in the sound of wheels humming over rails — a difference imperceptible to your ears and mine but detected by the cat's more sensitive hearing — that made the creature uneasy when it neared the spot? I wish I knew!"

Mail Dog

By Raymond J. Ross

OWNEY was only a pup but he must have thought about the time went down the stone steps that led to useful in life. So he looked toward the United States mail service as his chosen vocation. Bracing his courage he boldly went down the stone steps that led to the basement of the post office at Albany, New York. Thus began his career.

"Just see the way that dog guards those mail sacks," the tall red-haired mail clerk pointed out to his buddies. "That dog has taken to the mail like a fly to sugar."

Within a few weeks Owney was thrilled when he was lifted into the mailcar. Travel with the mail! His dog heart pounded with joy and his tail wagged double time. As the train sped on its way and Owney stood by the open door he held his head with a dignity that showed he was proud of the honor permitted him, the honor of riding the mail.

In a short time Owney's collar carried railway tags that showed the routes he traveled with the mail cars. So popular became Owney that the North German Lloyd steamers carried him as mail guard several times. There were few postmasters in the United States, Canada or Europe who didn't know him.

So deeply did Owney love the mail service that he would forsake a bone in order to watch over a dusty mail sack.

One time while riding the Canadian mail train he was knocked off his feet by a terrific collision. Four mail employees were killed and this accident left Owney with one eye and only part of his left ear. One night he spotted a short, stocky man with a three-day growth of beard walk silently up behind a mail clerk. Something snapped in Owney's little head—one grim realization—the mail was in danger! He barked and sprang.

There were tears streaming down nearly every mail clerk's cheeks next morning when the word spread that the United States Postal Service had lost in the line of duty a faithful servant of the mail—Owney, Mail Dog, shot defending the property of Uncle Sam.

January 1957

Not a "Dumb Bunny"

By Jack M. Swartout

TO one who is familiar with the common black-tailed jack rabbit, the term "dumb bunny" seems singularly inappropriate. For "Jack" may be timid, but he certainly is not "dumb." If he were, he probably would have perished long ago.

Although Jack does not himself harm any living creature, he is preyed upon by a host of natural enemies, and in order to survive he has learned to supplement his natural defense—speed—with a number of clever tricks.

One of the most familiar stunts of Jack is his habit of taking aerial observations. While he is bounding away from an enemy, his flight takes on the character of a series of long hops, each of which takes him from twelve to twenty feet farther away from his pursuer. Every so often—about every five or six bounds—he makes an impressive vertical leap, sometimes catapulting himself as high as six feet in the air. This is called the "sky hop" and Jack executes it for the purpose of taking in a view of the situation. He can look backwards to see how well he is eluding his pursuer and he can look forward to make sure that he is not running into a trap.

Because of his speed and his habit of

always making sure that he is running in a favorable direction, Jack can usually outdistance any of his natural four-footed enemies. If the predator is unusually relentless and Jack gets tired of running, however, he frequently will exhibit another clever maneuver—one that almost always throws the pursuer off the track.

To execute this trick, Jack simply spurts far enough ahead of his enemy so that he has time to backtrack on his own trail for a distance of fifteen or twenty yards. Then, giving a long leap, he plumps himself down in a thicket to the side of the trail and hides. When the hound, or whatever animal is chasing him, reaches the end of the trail, he too backtracks. But even his keen nose will not enable him to tell where the hare left the trail, so he finally has to give up.

In many of our "Wild West" movies, we see the same stratagem employed. The hero gallops ahead of the posse and, at a favorable place, dashes off to the side to hide in the brush. A few seconds later, the posse thunders by, never realizing that the hunted person has left the trail. The audience always marvels at the cleverness of the hero who uses this device. Then why should we think of Jack as a dumb bunny?



Photo, Karl H. Maslowski

Here is a black-tailed jack rabbit resting, but alert.

Let Us Reflect a Moment

By John C. Macfarlane, Director, Livestock Conservation

WE believe that God once said, "Let the earth bring forth the living creature after its kind, cattle and creeping things and beasts of the earth after his kind. Let man have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth." In other words, man was charged with the care and management of all the earth's animals, wild and domestic. Thousands of years have passed and as our human and animal population increases, so does man's apparent inability to live up to his responsibility.

Many of our country's leading livestock agricultural experts are becoming more and more interested in what we refer to as "Livestock Conservation." Livestock authorities in other nations are also beginning to recognize the vital importance of conserving our planet's livestock resources—not dissipating them. Even while you read these words, many thousands of dollars are being lost because of human carelessness or indifference.

"Democritus" did not want the power of sign because he felt he could think more clearly without it. Conversely, modern man will deliberately refuse to see, and all too often he refused even to think! To those of us who work in the hope that we may one day, through education and research, appreciably reduce meat losses, Shakespeare's words, "That is the question," holds much meaning.

It should not be necessary for us to send out thousands of notices every few weeks reminding farmers, truckers, market agencies and processors that carelessness costs money. For instance, a few days ago we advised thousands of Americans that the most important thing to consider when shipping livestock to market, whether you ship a few or many, is that your animals have probably never been off the ground before. Therefore, a good loading chute or other solid loading ramp is a must. At loading time animals are likely to be frightened at the prospect of leaving solid familiar ground to enter a strange and perhaps unsteady truck. At such a time the assurance of a strong chute, preferably with "steps" and tight sides, will give the

animals that necessary assurance that may make the difference between a badly bruised animal and a sound unbruised one.

Preventing excessive "shrink" will give the animals more market appeal and will often more than pay for the cost of a portable chute.

Among the many different types of loading chutes that are possible, the stair-type chute is by far the best.* Man has used steps for centuries, but only recently has he discovered that animals prefer them over conventional cleated inclines. Too often cleated inclines are so steep that the legs of the animals are placed in jeopardy every time they are forced to use them.

It may sound a little hackneyed, but I believe that much of our multi-billion dollar annual loss could be saved if we could come to appreciate the value of tolerance, understanding and kindness when working with either humans or animals.

* *Plans for portable and permanent step-type chutes are available by addressing your request to Livestock Conservation, Inc., 405 Exchange Building, Union Stock Yards, Chicago, Illinois.*

Cases Investigated

ON another investigation a Society agent called at a farm and found several horses in poor condition. He found that the owner owed considerable money and had been threatened with foreclosure on a certain date if he did not pay. He, therefore, decided that he would not feed his animals again before the foreclosure date. The man reiterated to our officer that he did not intend to feed his animals—there was no feed on hand and the horses were plainly hungry.

The owner also admitted that he had not been near the barn for a week, but claimed that a boy was supposed to look after the animals. The officer sent the man to get feed and told him he would return. On calling the next day, it was found that hay and grain had been provided. The owner was again warned that if there was any further neglect of the animals, he would be prosecuted.

A small dog was found locked in a rabbit coop, without food or water. The owner had been away on business, and his wife, who was irresponsible, had also gone away without providing for the dog. Our agent took the puppy to care for and finally located the owner, who gave the animal up and promised not to have another.



Former Governor Percival P. Baxter cuts the ribbon at the dedication of the Portland (Me.) Animal Refuge League's new shelter. Looking on are, left to right, the Rev. John E. Gulick, William A. McCandless, Jr., dedication chairman, Dr. Eric H. Hansen, who gave the dedication address, and Philip G. Willard, a League director.



J. ROBERT McLANE

New Staff Member

WE are proud to announce a new appointment to our staff in recent months, Mr. J. Robert McLane, as Director of Public Relations, replacing Miss Margaret J. Kearns who has been promoted to the post of Administrative Assistant.

Mr. McLane comes to the Society with an excellent background in humane work, having succeeded his father, in 1950, as manager of the Animal Rescue League of Manchester, New Hampshire, a position he filled with distinction up to the time he came with our Society.

He attended Syracuse University, the University of New Hampshire and, during World War II, served six years in the U. S. Marine Corps. Three years of this time was spent in the Pacific, where he participated actively in landings at Guadalcanal, New Britain, Saipan, Tinian and Okinawa. Mr. McLane now resides in Wellesley, Massachusetts, with his wife and two children.

This appointment of Mr. McLane to a full-time position fills a great need in our organizational activity. All phases in the relationship which exists between our organization and our friends and members, as well as with the general public, will be cared for by this department. We bespeak for him the full cooperation of all who are interested in our work.

January 1957

As a Child Learns

By Albert A. Pollard, Director of Education

THE solution of the many problems having to do with pets and other animals depends largely upon those teachers who recognize its importance in the lives of their pupils. Typical of such good teachers who succeed in enabling their pupils to gain an understanding of the need for kindly care and fair play for all living creatures are Miss Sally Gibbons and Miss Florence E. Walker, principal and teacher respectively of the New Elementary School of Westboro, Mass. Teachers like Miss Gibbons and Miss Walker believe that true education includes a love of nature and respect for its laws. They believe that a child learns through love, through patience and opportunities for experience with animals that will develop wholesome attitudes.

Such teaching is not a new subject, but its essential ideas and principles can be included in courses now being taught. From the questions voluntarily asked concerning their own pets in the primary grades to thinking out of economic, social, and moral problems in the upper grades, there are opportunities for units of study with suggested activities to be used in correlation at various grade levels.

For those teachers of the elementary school who need help in such a program, our Society will be glad to supply sample leaflets dealing with the care of different pets. We also have a unit of study on dogs and cats for the lower grades and another leaflet, "What Do You Know about Animals" including recreational activities.

From the unit on pets as taught under the direction of Miss Gibbons and Miss Walker besides emphasizing the needs and care of pets and experiences that help develop right attitudes to all creatures large and small, there are other objectives.

1. To know the procedure when a pet is lost or found.
2. To recognize the great value of veterinarians, animal hospitals and humane societies.
3. The need for basic training if dogs, especially, are to be saved from injury by automobiles.

Therefore with the Westboro activities, as an example of what can be done with a program emphasizing kindness and justice extending to the creatures of the wild as well as domesticated animals we salute Miss Gibbons and Miss Walker. It is a link desperately needed for good and decent relationship from human to animal and from human to human and is indeed the hope of the world.

The appealing picture above is one of a collection of photographs and charming pictures prepared by the first grade pupils of Miss Gibbons' school. It was presented for the delight of other children who visit our Society, and will eventually bring happiness to patients of the Children's Hospital.

One can imagine the enjoyment, the interest and feeling stimulated as the children took their turns pasting and talking about their pictures. All this covered a period of many weeks providing opportunity for learning how to handle pets, learning simple stories about them, singing songs and listening to animal poems. Pictures suggest many activities that can be developed around them, emphasizing humane treatment of animals.



Ruth O'Connell of Westboro, Mass., is proud and unafraid to share the friendship and affection of these pets.

CHILDREN'S



By Boys and Girls

NOW we want you to write for us. If you are fifteen years old or under and have written or want to write a poem or story about animals, you are eligible to compete for a place on this page. Each piece must be very short, and, of course, your very own composition. Each contribution must be accompanied by a note from your teacher stating that the writing is original with you. Also, if you have a picture of yourself and your pet, send that, too. Of course we cannot promise to print everything received but the judges will pick out the ones they think the best.

All letters should be addressed to Boys and Girls Editor, OUR DUMB ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. We cannot return or acknowledge unused contributions, but we shall do our best to print the best stories, poems and pictures received.

Following are a few samples of stories and verse written by children. Can you do better than these boys and girls? Try it.



Hazel M. Leavitt in Boston Sunday Post Snapshot Contest

The new plaything is fun for two.

A Good Alarm Clock

By Dorothy H. Nelson (Age 13)

MY cat's name is "Puff" and he is gray and white. He is only six months old. Every morning at exactly seven o'clock he comes in my bed and laps my face to wake me up for school. After I am awake he lies on my chest and purrs in my ear until I get up. With him around I don't need an alarm clock.

"Laddie," My Puppy

By Carol Howard (Age 13)

I FOUND this loveable little puppy one snowy cold day as I was sliding. He looked as though he had been abused. He had been outside for at least two days, all caked with snow and shivering with cold.

I brought him home and nursed him through his colds and shivering spells. Now he is a loveable little dog, well-fed and full of mischief. Already he has eaten a catnip mouse and chewed my slippers to shreds, but I still love Laddie, my puppy.

"Freckels"

By Mary Sinnot (Age 12)

FRECKELS" is a coach dog. He lives on a farm. We call him Freckels because of his black spots. When small children go near the horses, he walks alongside them so that if one of the horses kicks he will get kicked instead of the child. So far no horse has kicked, but we're glad to have him around just in case.

"Meme" Loved to Play

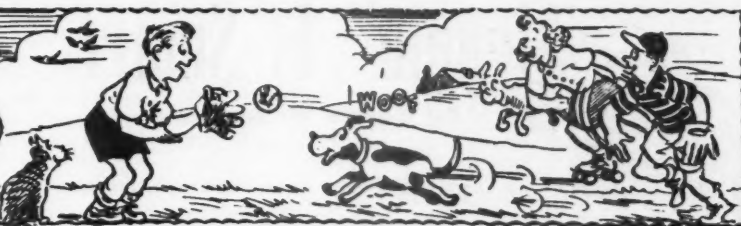
By Joyce Natale (Age 10)

I HAD a goat, and did I have a lot of fun with her. She was all white and her name was "Meme." We kept her in a little shed that had two windows in it. When I would call her, she would jump up in the window and cry. I often let her out in the yard. She would play with my dog and they would chase one another around. She just loved to stand on a barrel and dance for me, and jump way up in the air. I'm sending a picture of Meme and me.



OUR DUMB ANIMALS

PAGES



ACROSS

2. NOTE IN SCALE.
5. UPON.
6. SMALL CABIN.
7. LIKE.
8. NOT ON.
9. TO MELT.
13. BUTTER SUBSTITUTE.
14.

DOWN

1. VEGETABLE.
2.
3. TOP COVERING OF A HOUSE.
6.
8. CRY OF PAIN.
10. MORNING.
11. TO GET A THING DONE.
12. MOTHER.

The Young Polar Bear

BUFFY was a young polar bear. His fur was soft and creamy yellow. He had a long neck, a little head, and his paws were broad like paddles. Buffy lived with his mother in a nursery under the snow. It was warm and cozy there, but there were times when Buffy didn't like his home very well. He didn't like it at all when Mother Bear left him alone and went to get food. The nursery was lonesome when Mother was away.

"Why can't I go along with you?" Buffy asked one day.

"Wait until spring," Mother Bear said, "you may go then. I'm afraid you couldn't keep up with me now."

Mother bear was gone longer than usual. Buffy grew very lonely. He crawled out from under the snowbank and looked around. The world was white and beautiful. Buffy decided to play just a little. He romped over the frozen ice. He didn't tumble or fall. The hair on the bottom of his feet gave him a non-slip tread. He climbed to the top of an ice peak and looked at the sea.

Suddenly the ice cake began to move. It floated slowly out to sea. Buffy was frightened. He wanted to go home but he couldn't jump back to shore. What would become of him now? He huddled on the ice and tried to think of something to do. He heard a splash in the water and looked up. Something big and white was following the ice cake. It was Mother Polar Bear.

"I was sure I saw something moving on the ice," she said, swimming near. "It was lucky I did. Come on, Buffy, let's go home."

"I can't get down," said Buffy.

"Jump down," said his mother. "I'll teach you how to swim."

Buffy jumped. He stretched his paws, held his head up, and paddled, just like his mother did. Swimming wasn't a bit hard. "The oil in your fur keeps the cold out," said Mother Bear.

—By Ollie J. Robertson.

Garden Animals

By Alice Boorman Williamson

The Tiger Lily growled at her,
The Catnip cried "Meow!"
And Ellen laughed and laughed because
The Dogwood said "Bow-wow!"
A Dandelion shook his mane,
The Toadflax hopped around.
The Bullrush made a horrid noise
And pawed up all the ground.
The Cowslip sadly moaned "Moo, moo!"
Then what do you suppose?
A pert Snapdragon raised his head
And snapped her on the nose!



"Jennie" Is Smart

By Carrie B. Kelley

JENNIE" is not only very p-r-e-t-t-y but she is very s-m-a-r-t, too. To be sure she's just a plain alley cat with no pedigree, but her sleek white coat, trim figure and alert eyes mark her as a cat of distinction.

In her youth, Jennie was a lady's pet and life was easy, but when her mistress died, the house was closed and Jennie was without a home.

She struck up a bargain with a storekeeper nearby. She would keep the store free from rats and mice for her board. For years, she took great pride in her store work, but, when the store finally burned down, Jennie was once again homeless and not as young as used to be.

Looking around, she decided the butcher shop across the street looked pretty good, so she made a trade with the owner and moved in. But poor Jennie, although she kept the place free from rodents, she very seldom got any tidbits from the choice meats because her master was mean-natured and thought a diet of mice was good enough for a cat. Like the Ancient Mariner with "water, water, everywhere and never a drop to drink," she was surrounded by fragrant mouth-watering meats, but little of it came her way.

One morning she decided to find a new boarding place, so she went on the prowl again. Shortly, she came to the buildings of the Bangor City Farm. The door of the house was open, so she walked in. The manager's wife was working around the kitchen, not knowing she needed a cat. In a few minutes Jennie had laid a big, dead rat at her feet. Having proved her ability, she sat back to await results. This certainly was a sensible approach to the job and, of course, she was hired.

The fact that she was on the town didn't disturb Jennie in the least. Food was plentiful, kittens came twice a year and everything was wonderful.

But Jennie, whose life has been filled with work and kittens, is smart. Over twenty times she had experienced birth, often under the most trying conditions, but the blessed event she was again expecting was going to be done up right this time. Her cattish mind knew the layout of the local institution. She also realized the City Hospital was just in back, so, in the innermost recesses of her brain, an idea was born.

In spite of her best efforts, however, her plans went askew, for late one night she gave birth to a litter of seven in a



Jennie starts moving her family.

section of the Farm building. Knowing what the Hospital was for, she methodically transported her kittens, one by one, in the only fashion that cats are able, to the Hospital. It took some little time, but finally, she and her family were comfortably settled in a box under the Hospital stairs.

The City Hospital boasts no maternity ward, but that means nothing to Jennie, who solves her problems in her own way, which proves her smartness.

When the Doorbell Rings

ALL right, 'Boots!' I'll be right down!"

Boots kept on barking until her mistress, Mrs. W. E. James, answered the doorbell. It was an important telegram.

Half an hour later, Boots began to bark again.

"What is it, Boots?"

"It's out here!" the dog tried to say, as she led Mrs. James to the back door, to admit the gas meter man.

Mrs. James wears a hearing aid, but cannot hear the doorbell in a room distant from the kitchen even when she has the aid adjusted. Mr. James, Boots' master, is stone deaf, so the little dog has to work extra hard to attract his attention

when the doorbell rings or someone knocks when she is at home alone with him.

"One day I was sleeping on the living room sofa when Boots jumped up on my chest and licked my face," Mr. James relates. "And since she acted excited and immediately ran to the front door and appeared to be barking, I got up and went to the door. It was my brother-in-law."

"Before we had Boots," Mrs. James broke in, "none of our friends could get into our house. They simply couldn't make us hear the bell or their poundings. Now they can always get in if we are home at all—even if my husband is home alone with the dog. I don't know how we ever managed before we had Boots. I would have liked to train her to bark when the

telephone rings, but we have a clock that chimes every fifteen minutes and she used to get the clock and the 'phone bells mixed up. Besides, the doorbell has a special interest, for it nearly always results in some new and interesting person coming into the house and petting her."

Boots is, indeed, a smart dog. She somehow realizes that her master and mistress are hard of hearing and that when the doorbell rings it's entirely up to her to see that it is answered. Many dogs bark when a strange step is heard outside or when the bell rings, but Boots has taken on the extra duty of announcing each arrival personally and seeing to it that either his master or mistress goes to the door to see who is there.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.



S. P. C. A. NOTEPAPER AND ENVELOPES

Benefit — Northampton Branch

Choice of
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